

FRANKENSTEIN

FEB. MAR. No. 23

10¢



[DICK
PREFERS]



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

NEW!
NONE OTHER
LIKE IT!

LOOK SLIMMER, more YOUTHFUL

REDUCE

your appearance **INSTANTLY!**

The Tranzform* Girdle must be the best girdle you ever wore . . . you must feel more comfortable . . . you must look younger . . . your shape must be noticeably improved . . . or we don't want a penny of your money.

NEW! No other girdle or supporter belt like it

We know that you've probably tried other girdles in the hope that you'd eventually find the right one. But this we promise you: **NO OTHER GIRDLE CAN DO FOR YOU MORE THAN THE TRANZFORM DOES.** No other girdle or supporter belt offers you more bulge control . . . safely, scientifically. No other girdle can compare with the miracle-working Bulge-master* feature.

WHAT IS THE BULGE-MASTER FEATURE?

The Bulgemaster pads are special inset panels of sheet rubber, covered with cotton jersey. They absorb the excess perspiration from the balanced pressure against the muscles and fatty tissues of your stomach, waist, hips and thighs.

ONLY 100% DUPONT NYLON STITCHING is used on the Bulgemaster panels. Special pin point perforation allows air to circulate for your added comfort.

MAGIC INSET CONTROL

Magic insets control in complete comfort, guaranteeing healthful, lasting support. They lift and flatten the tummy, slim down the waist, trim the hips, eliminate the "spare tire" waist line roll. These magic inset panels are cleverly designed with diagonal control-stretch to give each bulge the exact amount of restraint it requires. **No bones—No buckles—No steels—No lacets—No adjustments** Let the Tranzform be your undercover agent for a more beautiful figure—the slimmer, trimmer figure that invites romance.

DON'T BE FOOLED BY IMITATORS!

Other people may attempt to copy our ads, but they cannot copy the Tranzform or the Bulge-Master panels. Both Tranzform and Bulge-Master are registered trade-marks (patent applied for, U.S. Pat. Off.). Tranzform Girdles are made and sold only by us—not obtainable anywhere else. Don't be fooled by imitators. Insist on the genuine Tranzform.



- Take inches off tummy
- Bring in waist
- Control spreading hiplines
- Smooth and slim thighs
- Make clothes fit

PROVED!

. . . by tens of thousands of satisfied wearers throughout the country.

WHY DIET? TRY IT!

takes inches off your bulge-line!

SEND NO MONEY MAIL COUPON NOW!

TRANZFORM, Inc., Dept. 714, 15 E. 16 St., N. Y. 3

Tranzform, Inc., Dept. 714, 15 E. 16, New York 3
 Rush my Tranzform with wonder-working Bulge-Master at once. On delivery I will pay postman \$4.98 plus postage. (Extra large sizes, waist 35-54 or hips 44-65, \$5.98.) I must be satisfied or I will return the Tranzform in 10 days for full purchase price refund.

Waist size..... Hips..... Height.....

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY..... ZONE..... STATE.....

☐ Check here if you are enclosing money with order to be C.O.D. and handling charges. Same Free Trial refund guarantee.

STOUT WOMEN — We

can fit you too! Sizes up to 54 waist, 65 hips.

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

10-Day Trial Offer

Wear the Tranzform for 10 days at our risk. We'll send it on approval. The Tranzform must do all we claim or return it in 10 days and we'll send your \$4.98 right back. We take all the risk because we know that even though you may have tried many other girdles, you haven't tried the best until you've worn a Tranzform.

*T.M. Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.
 *Pat. app. for U.S. Pat. Off.

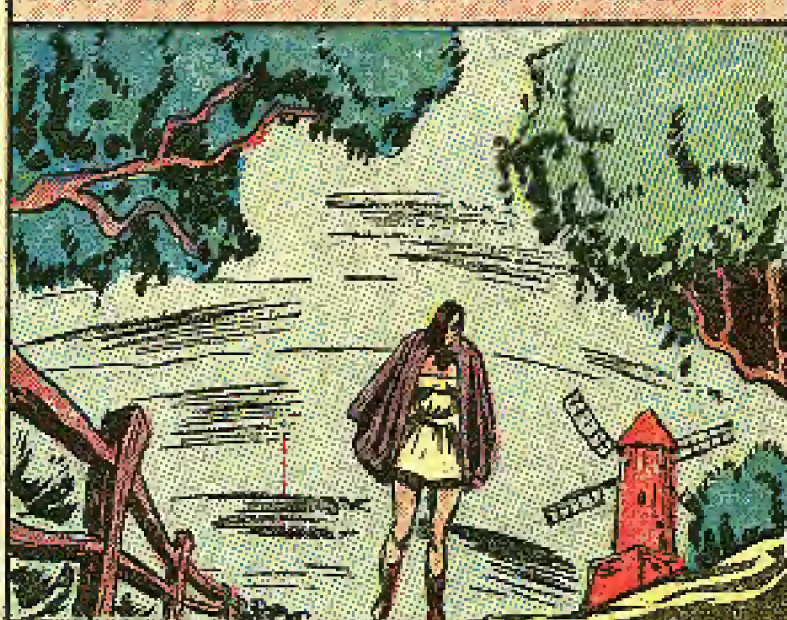
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The Monster's Mate

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN THE FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER MEETS ANOTHER MONSTER -- A MONSTER THAT BECOMES HIS COMPANION -- HIS MATE? AND WHAT HAPPENS WHEN HIS ENEMY -- MAN -- WON'T ALLOW HIM TO KEEP HIS MATE?



ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF A LITTLE EUROPEAN TOWN, A TOWN STEEPED IN FOLKLORE, LEGENDS AND SUPERSTITION... A STRANGE CREATURE TRODS ALONG THE ROAD...



...AND TWO MEN, HARDLY BELIEVING THEIR EYES, SEE THE AWFUL FIGURE FOR THE FIRST TIME

LOOK! WHAT IS THAT **THING**? CERTAINLY IT IS A PERSON --- BUT ---

A GIANT! A GIANT WOMAN! SURELY SHE MUST BE OVER SEVEN FEET TALL! AND... THAT FACE! IT'S HORRIBLE!



IN TOWN, THE TWO MEN RELATE THEIR STORY...

OVER SEVEN FEET SHE MUST BE --- A GREAT GIANT-- WITH AN UGLY SCARRED FACE AND A RIDICULOUS COSTUME!

YES-- SO BIG AND HIDEOUS AT FIRST I THOUGHT IT TO BE THE FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER!



EMIL, ARE YOU SURE YOU HAVEN'T HAD TOO MUCH TO DRINK AND YOU ARE IMAGINING THINGS?

NO-- HE DOES NOT IMAGINE IT.



HAVE YOU TOO SEEN THE SHE-GIANT IN THE COSTUME?

NO, BUT I THINK I KNOW WHAT SHE IS.



A YEAR AGO A CIRCUS TRAVELED THROUGH HERE. ONE OF THE ATTRACTIONS WAS A GIANT WOMAN. THEY GAVE HER A COSTUME AND PEOPLE CAME FROM FAR OFF PLACES TO SEE HER...



THEN DISASTER STRUCK THE SHOW A FIRE AND THE ANIMALS ESCAPED. THE GIANTESSE WAS TRAPPED. HER FACE WAS BURNED, AND A TIGER ADDED MORE DAMAGE BY RIPPING IT APART. SHE RECOVERED, ALTHOUGH IT WOULD HAVE BEEN BETTER HAD SHE DIED, BECAUSE IN THE SHOCK, SHE COMPLETELY LOST HER MIND!



DURING THE YEAR, SOME PEOPLE REPORTED SEEING HER WANDERING AIMLESSLY. SHE IS HARMLESS ENOUGH EVEN THOUGH HER FACE IS HIDEOUS AND HER MIND IS GONE.

AND NOW SHE'S HERE! WELL, ALL I CAN SAY IS THAT I DON'T LIKE IT AND THINK IT'S DANGEROUS AND WE SHOULD CHASE HER AWAY!



I AGREE WITH EMIL I SAW HER. SHE IS A MENACE. PERHAPS SHE IS EVEN A WITCH. WE SHOULD DRIVE HER OUT OF TOWN!

RIGHT SUCH AN UGLY PERSON MUST BE EVIL. WHO WILL JOIN US IN DRIVING HER AWAY?



I WILL!

COUNT ON ALL OF US. LET'S GO!

SO THE MEN BROUGHT UP IN FEAR OF WITCHES AND EVIL SPIRITS, STARTED THEIR SEARCH FOR THE GIANTESS...

WHAT WILL WE DO WHEN WE MEET HER?

RUN HER OUT OF TOWN!

AND IF WE CAN'T DO THAT... WHAT THEN?

MEANWHILE, SOME CHILDREN ARE PLAYING AMONGST THE ROCKS AND CRAGS JUST OUTSIDE OF TOWN...

OOOH--DON'T GO THERE, DONNY... IT'S TOO DANGEROUS!

I AM A BRAVE MAN. I FEAR NOTHING!

EEYAAH!! LOOK!

AGAIN, THE HUGE, COSTUMED FIGURE APPEARS...

...AND THE CHILDREN, PANIC-STRICKEN, FLEE--EXCEPT ONE...

WAIT! WAIT FOR ME!

A WITCH! A BIG ONE! RUN!

AND IN HIS EXCITEMENT TO SCURRY TO SAFETY, THE LITTLE FELLOW LEFT BEHIND LOSES HIS FOOTING ON THE SHARP AND DANGEROUS ROCKS...

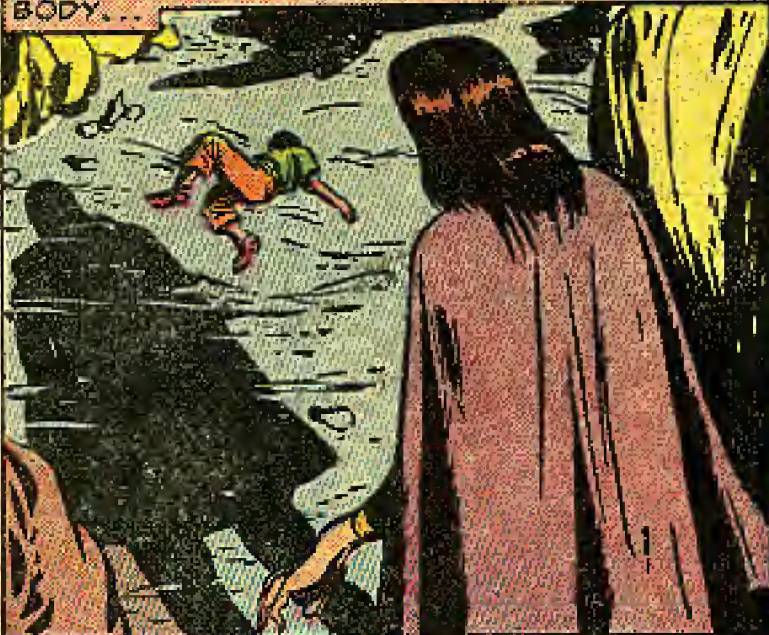
THE POOR BOY HURTTLES DOWN, SCREAMING AND HIS COMPANIONS, NOW FAR AWAY, HEAR THE SHRIEK OF THEIR DOOMED PAL...

DO YOU HEAR THAT? DONNY'S SCREAMING!

THE WITCH GOT HIM AND...AND...KILLED HIM!!

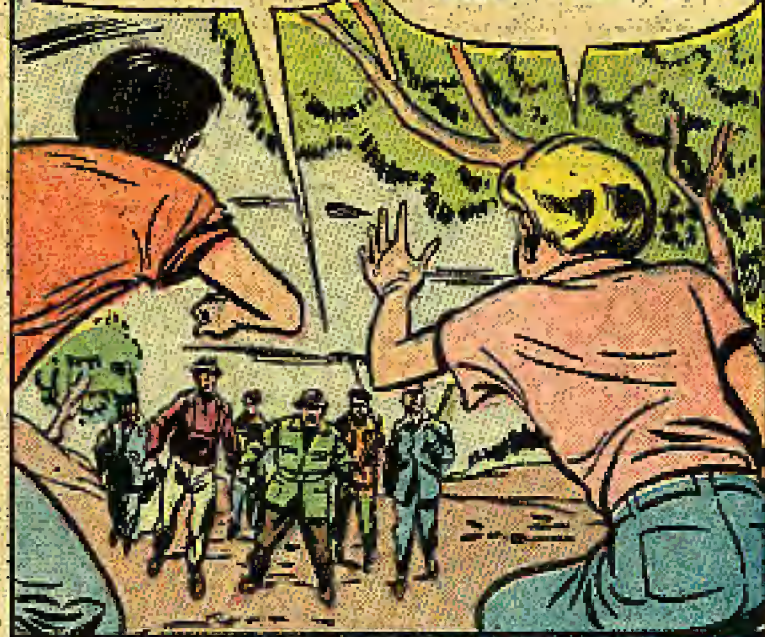
AAAAHHHYYEE

YES, DONNY HAS BEEN KILLED--BY THE FALL UPON THE ROCKS. AND THE TALL FIGURE SADLY GOES DOWN TO THE CRUSHED LITTLE BODY...



THE CHILDREN! WHAT ARE THEY AFRAID OF?

POPPA! POPPA! A BIG WITCH LADY JUST KILLED DONNY!



KILLED...DONNY?
DONNY, MY SON?

NO TIME
TO LOSE!
WE MUST
KILL THE
WITCH!



KILL THE WITCH
WHO HAS KILLED
ONE OF US!



THIS WAY! THIS IS WHERE
WE SAW HER... THERE!
THERE SHE IS!



GLOATING OVER HER VICTIM! NOW!
CHARGE AFTER HER WITH WHATEVER
WEAPONS YOU HAVE! SHE MUST DIE!



IN A MOMENT, THE FRENZIED MEN ARE
UPON HER... SHOVELS, RAKES, STONES
BEATING UPON HER HUGE BODY!



DIG A GRAVE! WE'LL BURY HER
AND MAKE SURE SHE'LL NEVER
WALK THE EARTH AGAIN!



GOOD! NOW PUT BACK ALL THE DIRT AND
COVER HER UP! WE ARE SAFE FROM ALL
HER EVIL DOINGS!



BUT PEERING DOWN UPON THE
MEN ARE TWO WATERY EYES
THAT WITNESS THE MEN'S
ACTIONS...



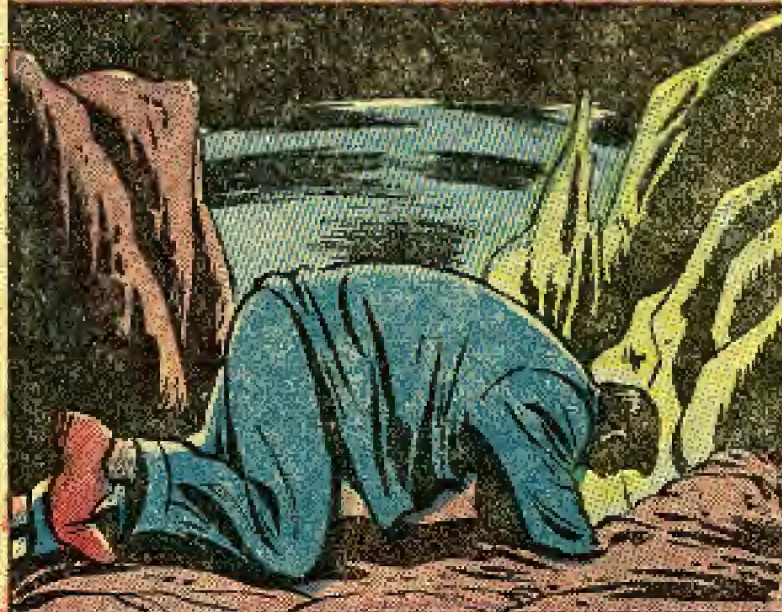
THE FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER!
HE HIDES IN THE ROCKS AS
THE MEN LEAVE THE SCENE...



THEN THE TWISTED BRAIN TRIES
TO THINK! HIS ENEMY, MAN, HAS
KILLED SOMEONE THAT VERY
MUCH RESEMBLED HIM... IN
SIZE, AND IN UGLINESS...



PERHAPS THIS UGLY CREATURE THE MEN JUST
DESTROYED COULD HAVE BEEN A FRIEND TO THE
MONSTER, SINCE IT WAS SO MUCH LIKE HIM!
THE MONSTER DIGS AT THE NEW GRAVE...



...AND AFTER REMOVING THE MULTILATED
BODY, KICKS BACK THE EARTH AND CARRIES
OFF THE CREATURE THAT RECEIVED THE SAME
TREATMENT BY HUMANS THAT SO MANY TIMES
HE HIMSELF HAD RECEIVED.



A LONG TREK THROUGH THE WOODS AND OVER THE ROCKS, AND THE MONSTER AND HIS BURDEN ARRIVE AT A CAVE...THE MONSTER'S HIDE-OUT!



AND SOON, WITH THE HELP OF THE MONSTER, THE GIANT WOMAN GAINS CONSCIOUSNESS! THE MEN DIDN'T DO A GOOD JOB OF KILLING HER...



SHE FACES THE MONSTER...AND HE IS SURPRISED THAT HIS HIDEOUS FACE DOES NOT SHOCK HER!



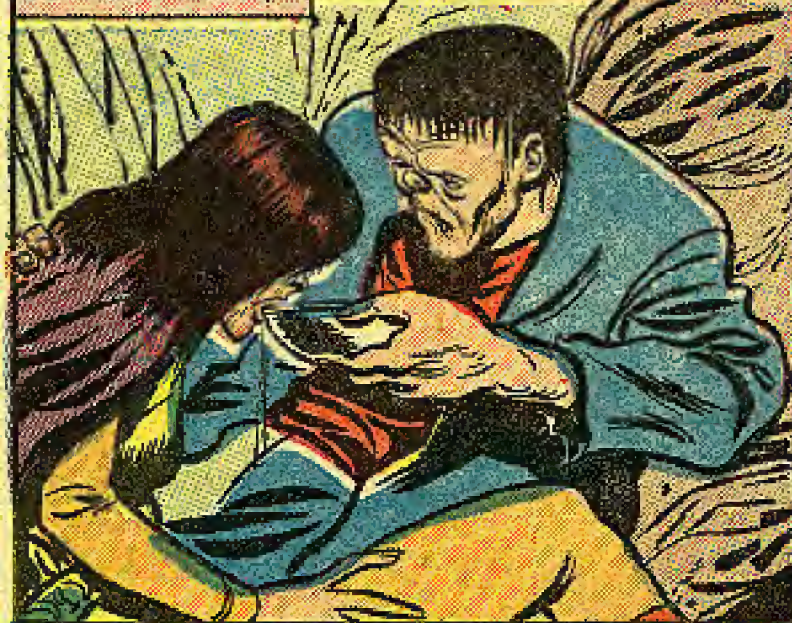
AND THEN HE REALIZES THAT NO LONGER CAN SHE SEE...THE BEATING BY THE MEN HAS LEFT HER BLIND! IT IS JUST AS WELL...



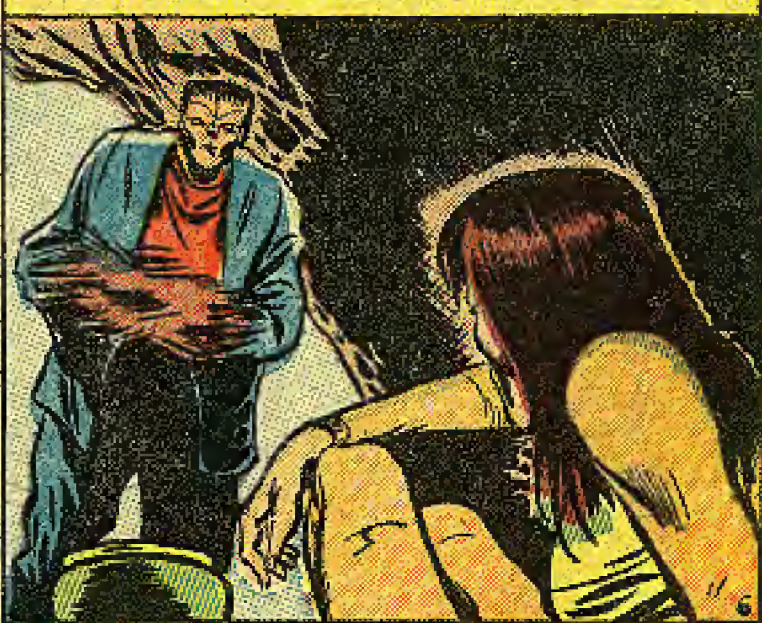
A MUTUAL BOND IS FORMED BETWEEN THE TWO GRUESOME BEINGS! THEY ARE BOTH BIG AND HIDEOUS...BOTH UNWANTED BY SOCIETY...



AND THERE IS A SORT OF TENDERNESS AND COMPASSION IN THE COLD HEART OF THE MONSTER AS HE TRIES TO MAKE HIS COMPANION COMFORTABLE!



WATER, FOOD, STRAW FOR A COMFORTABLE BED... EVERYTHING TO SHOW HIS PLEASURE AT HAVING A FRIEND TO SHARE HIS MISERY... A FRIEND WHOSE MISERY HE CAN SHARE...



THEN, WHEN THE GIANTESS IS STRONGER, SHE AND THE MONSTER TAKE WALKS IN THE WOODS!



SHE FEELS PROTECTED BY HIM, AND IS CONTENT BOTH ARE UNABLE TO SPEAK, BUT THEY FEEL THE BOND BETWEEN THEM! AND IN A WAY THE MONSTER IS GLAD SHE IS BLIND, FOR IF SHE COULD SEE HIS HIDEOUSNESS, SHE MIGHT LEAVE HIM!



TIME PASSES, AND FOR A LONG TIME NOW THE MONSTER HAS NOT SEEN ANY OTHER HUMAN BEINGS! NOR HAVE THEY SEEN HIM! BUT ONE DAY THE MONSTER MUST VISIT THE TOWN! HE MUST GET A GIFT FOR HIS FRIEND...

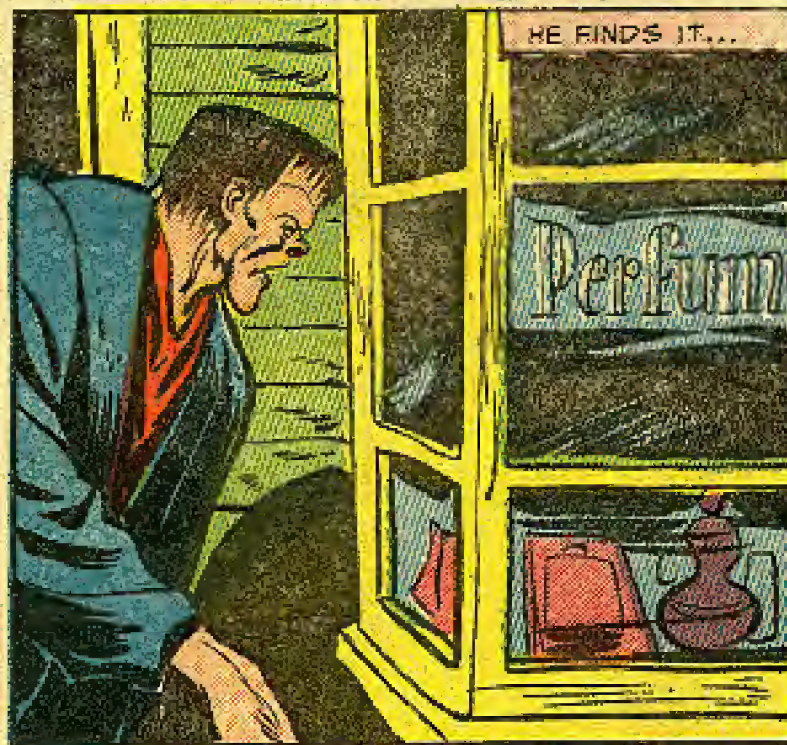
VAGUELY HE REMEMBERS SOME OF THE CUSTOMS AND HABITS OF HIS HUMAN ENEMY...



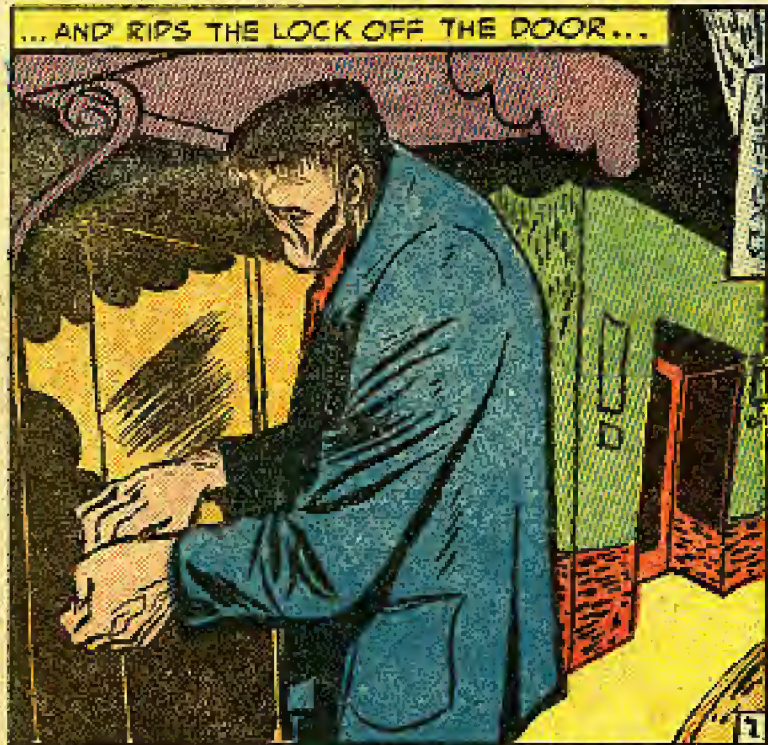
AND IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT HE CAUTIOUSLY ENTERS THE TOWN, SEARCHING FOR A PARTICULAR STORE...



HE FINDS IT...



...AND RIPS THE LOCK OFF THE DOOR...



INSIDE, THE MONSTER FINDS
WHAT HE IS LOOKING FOR ...



HE PUTS IT IN HIS POCKET
AND STARTS TO LEAVE ...



BUT OUTSIDE...

LOOK!

THE FRANKENSTEIN
MONSTER!



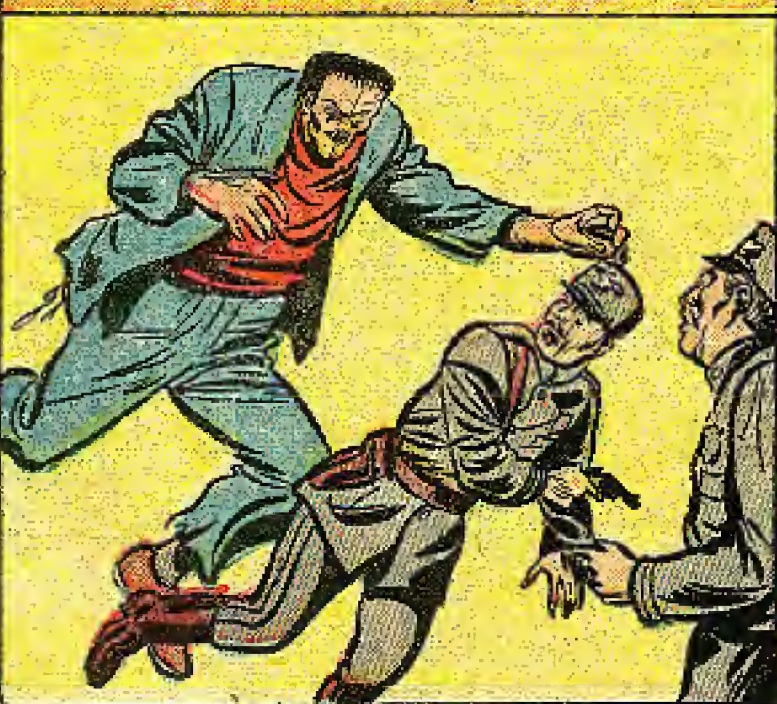
THE POLICE FOLLOW THEIR FIRST IMPULSE TO
SHOOT, EVEN KNOWING BULLETS CANNOT KILL
THE BEAST...



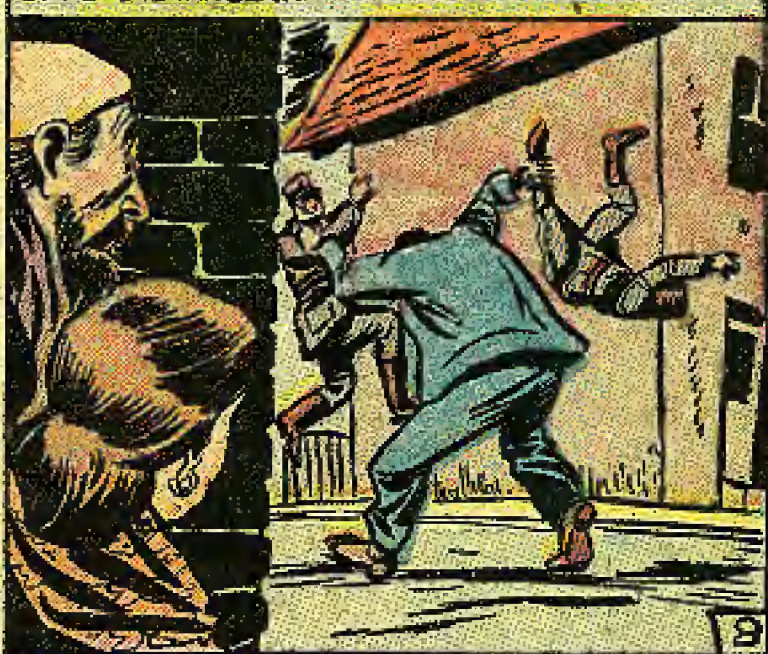
ONE OF THE BULLETS HITS HIS PRECIOUS LOOT..



INFURIATED, THE BEAST GOES AFTER THE MEN!



THE NOISE HAS ATTRACTED SEVERAL PEOPLE,
WHO WATCH THE HORRIBLE SCENE FROM A
SAFE DISTANCE...



THE MONSTER GOES BACK TO THE SHOP AND PUTS A FEW MORE BOTTLES IN HIS POCKETS...



HE HEADS BACK THROUGH THE WOODS TO THE CAVE... AND HIS FRIEND!



ONCE THERE, HE LEADS HER OUT INTO THE NIGHT, THE COOL AIR UPON THEM AND THE SONG OF NIGHTBIRDS IN THEIR EARS...



... AND HE GIVES HER THE PRESENT...



A HAPPINESS AND FEELING OF COMFORT COME TO THESE TWO MONSTERS UNWANTED BY SOCIETY!



BUT OTHER FORCES ARE ALREADY AT WORK!

THE FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER IS LURKING SOMEWHERE NEAR HERE! WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?

WE GOT RID OF THAT WITCH MONSTER TWO MONTHS AGO! LET'S GET RID OF HIM THE SAME WAY!



THAT ISN'T SO SIMPLE! YOU DIDN'T KILL A WITCH! YOU KILLED A POOR GIANT OF A CIRCUS WOMAN WHO HAD LOST HER MIND! BUT YOU ARE WILLING TO BELIEVE SHE WAS A WITCH!



FRANKENSTEIN'S MONSTER IS DIFFERENT! YOU CAN'T KILL HIM! YOU MIGHT NOT EVEN BE ABLE TO APPROACH HIM WITHOUT HIS TEARING YOU TO BITS!



WE WILL TRY! HE IS ONLY A MECHANICAL MAN! FIND HIS WEAK SPOT AND HE WILL BREAK DOWN! IF WE CAN'T KILL HIM, WE MUST AT LEAST DRIVE HIM OUT OF TOWN! NOW THEN... WHO CAN I COUNT ON TO BATTLE HIM?



ONCE AGAIN, THE MONSTER'S ENEMIES ARE OUT TO GET HIM!

WE'LL SEARCH EVERY CRANNY AND CAVE! HE PROBABLY SLEEPS BY DAY, SO WE MAY HAVE AN ADVANTAGE!



IN THE CAVE, THE WOMAN LIES SLEEPING! THE MONSTER IS AWAKE, GUARDING HER! HE DRINKS A LONG DRINK OF WATER...



THE BUCKET IS EMPTY! SHE WILL WANT WATER WHEN SHE AWAKENS! HE MUST GET SOME MORE...



THE STREAM IS A MILE AWAY! IT WILL TAKE HIM SOME TIME, BUT SHE WILL SLEEP AND WILL BE SAFE...

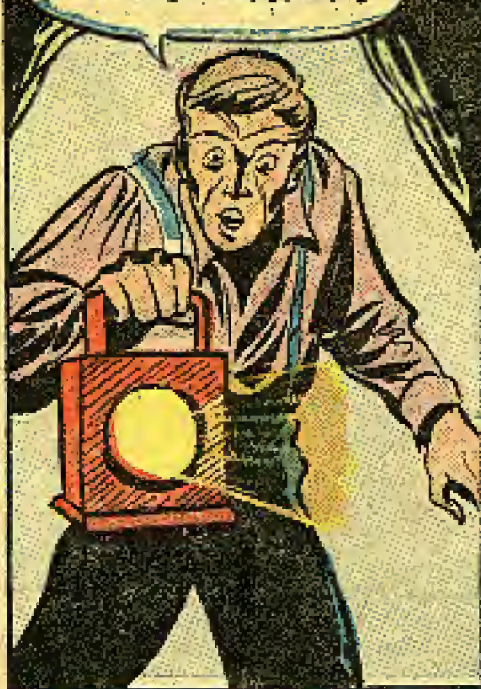


THE HUNTERS FIND THE CAVE...

CAREFUL, NOW... SHINE THE LIGHT IN FIRST...



GOOD GRIEF!



THE WITCH! THE WITCH WE THOUGHT WE KILLED! SHE'S IN THERE... SLEEPING...
ALIVE!



GUNS AND KNIVES READY! IN WE GO! THIS TIME WE'LL MAKE SURE WE KILL HER!

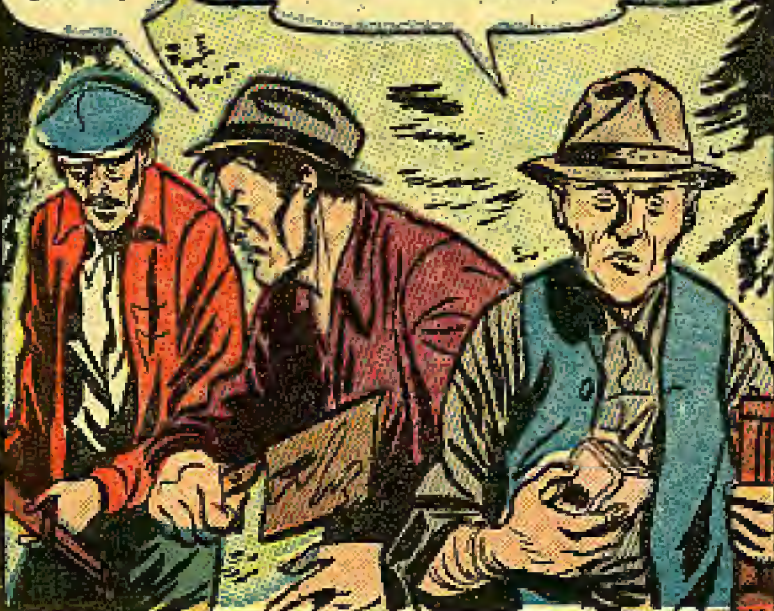


ONCE INSIDE THE CAVE, THE MEN LET GO WITH EVERYTHING THEY HAVE ...



T-THAT FINISHES HER... FOR GOOD!

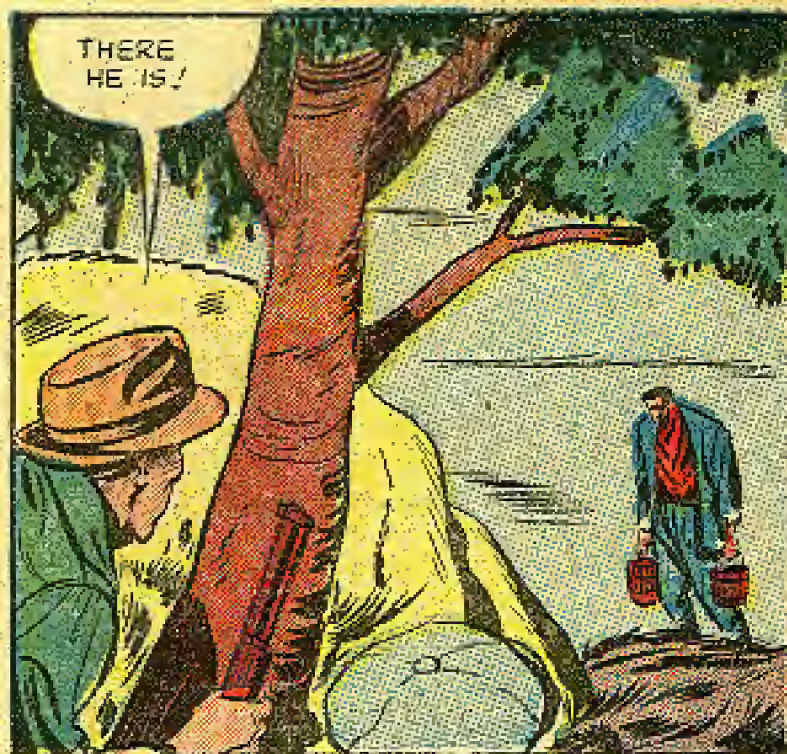
LOOK! THE PERFUME BOTTLES THE FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER STOLE LAST NIGHT! HE MUST BE THIS WITCH'S FRIEND!



SPREAD OUT A BIT, BUT KEEP THE CAVE IN SIGHT! WE'LL WAIT HERE A WHILE... MAYBE HE'S COMING BACK! IF HE DOES, LET HIM GET INTO THE CAVE ... THEN WE'LL BOTTLE HIM UP INSIDE IT!



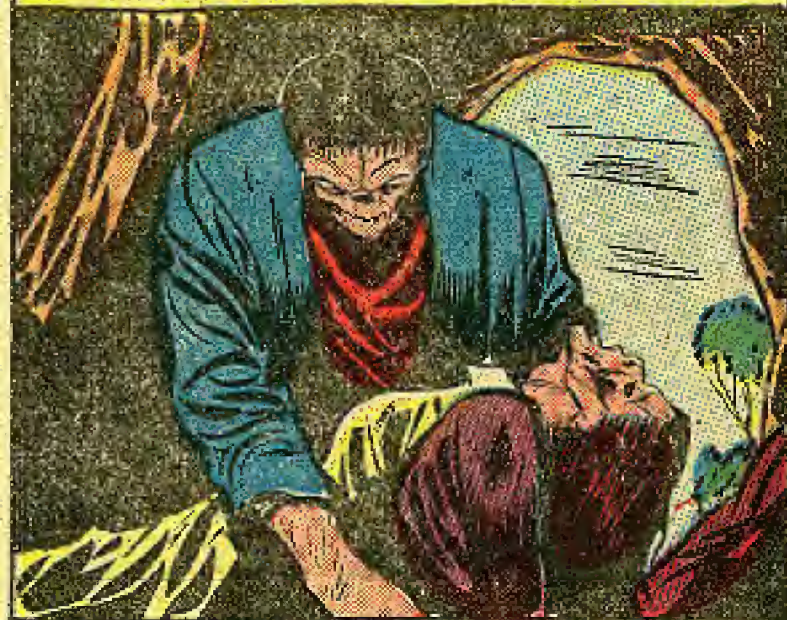
THERE
HE IS!



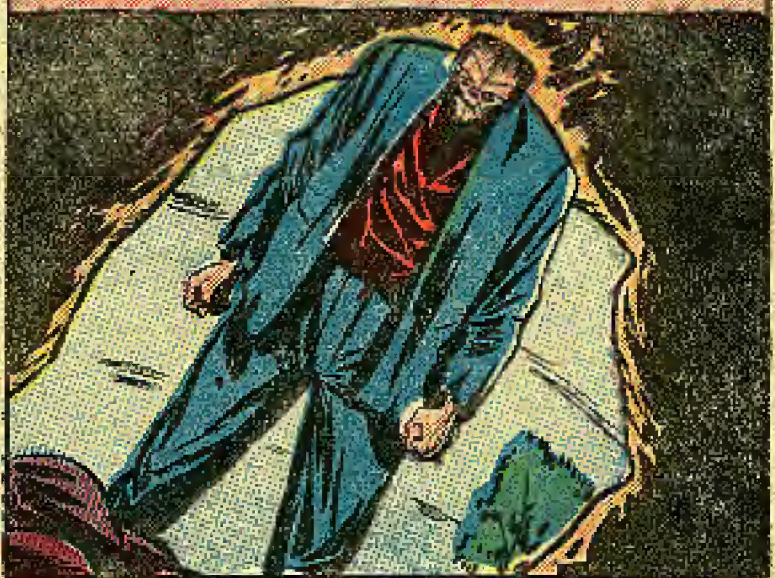
INSIDE THE
CAVE



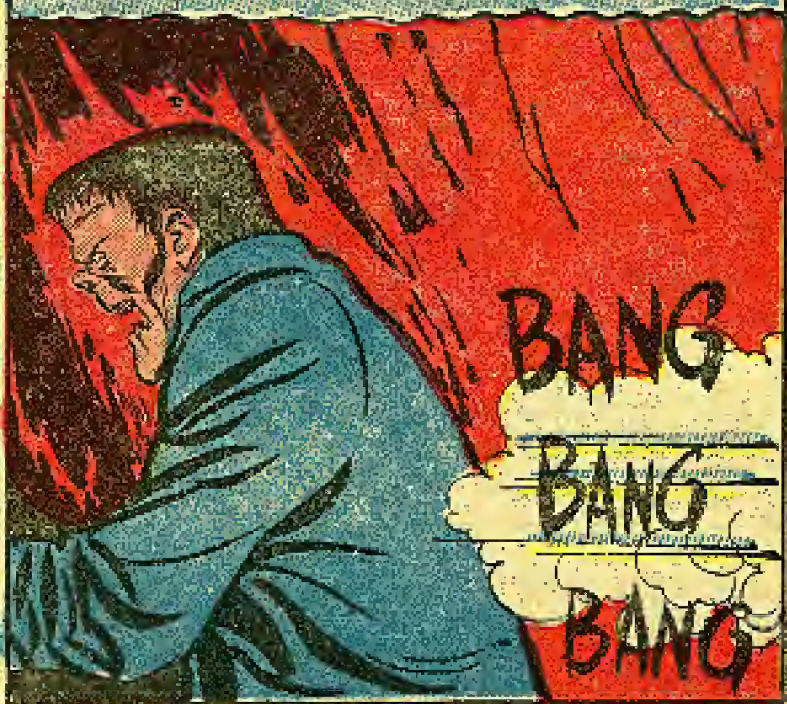
THERE IS WRETCHED MISERY IN THE MONSTER'S
HEART AS HE HOLDS THE BULLET-RIDDEN,
HACKED BODY OF HIS FRIEND... HIS ONLY FRIEND.



MAN HAS DONE THIS TO HER... HIS ENEMY,
MAN! FOR ONCE HE KNEW SOME MEASURE
OF PEACE AND CONTENTMENT... BUT HIS
ENEMY WOULDN'T LET IT LAST.



AND SUDDENLY FROM OUTSIDE THE CAVE...



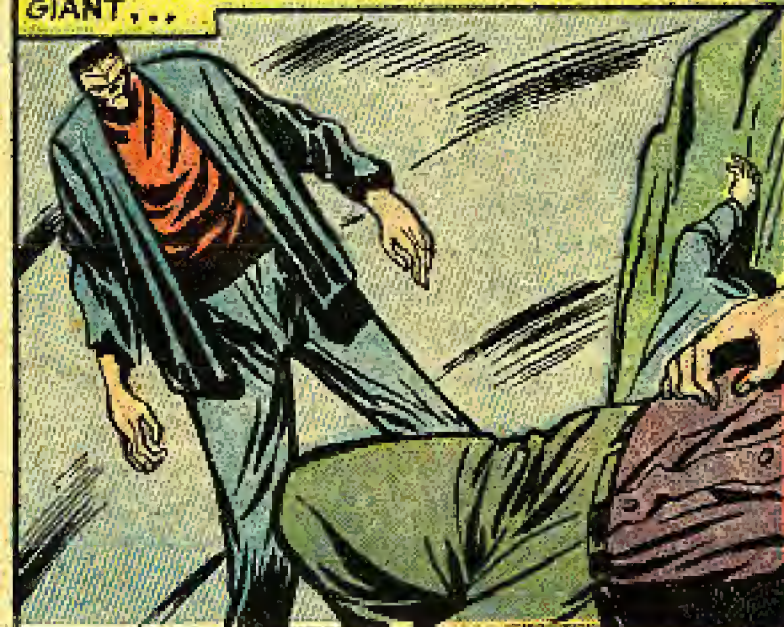
KEEP FIRING!
HE CAN'T LIVE
WITH ALL THOSE
BULLETS IN
HIM!



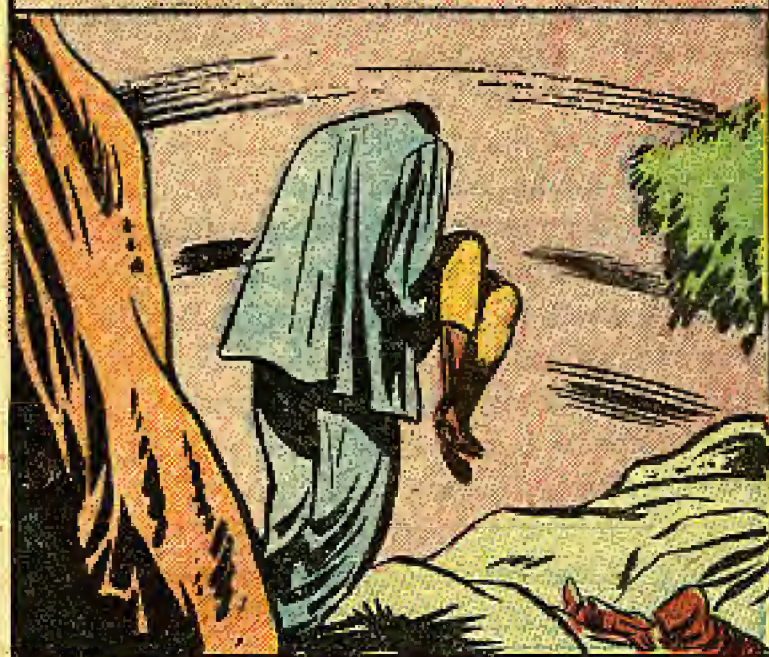
LIKE A WINDMILL, LIKE A TERRIBLE MACHINE,
THE MONSTER CHURNS HIS WAY THROUGH
THE GROUP OF HORRIFIED MEN...



SOME ESCAPED, BUT IN LESS THAN A FEW
MINUTES, THOSE WHO DIDN'T ARE LEFT
BROKEN AND DEAD AT THE FEET OF THE
GIANT...



THEN THE MONSTER RETURNS TO THE CAVE,
AND EMERGES WITH THE BODY OF HIS FRIEND...



WITH HIS BARE HANDS HE DIGS A GRAVE FOR HER,
REVERENTLY PLACES HER INTO IT, AND COVERS HER UP...

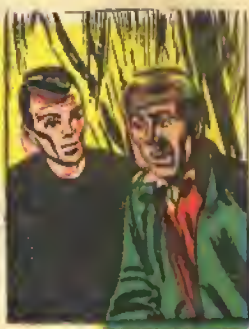


HIS ONLY FRIEND!
WHY COULDN'T
THOSE LITTLE MEN
LET HIM ALONE?
WHY COULDN'T
THEY LET HIM
LIVE IN PEACE
WITH HER?
NO! THEY
HAD TO KILL
HER AND TAKE
HER FROM
HIM. NOW
THOSE MEN
WHO REMAIN
IN THE TOWN
WILL PAY!
MENACINGLY,
THE MONSTER
HEADS TOWARD
TOWN - HIS
ENEMY WILL
PAY FOR THIS!!



No Rest

I'M sure you must have heard of me. The name is Steve Mall. My name made the headlines on the front pages of the nation's newspapers a few years past when I publicly confessed to having engineered the big Chicago payroll robbery that left the police stranded nearly ten years ago. They never even got to first base with a clue.



So why, then, did I confess? You'll have to ask my wife, Mary, and my little son, Stevie. It's funny what the love of a good woman and the tiny arms of a kid around your neck will do to soften up a man. And you'd better have a word or two with the pastor of the church from whose pulpit I made my public disclosure.

I had a good job driving a truck. My future looked secure and happy. But the way Mary and my kid and the neighbors looked up to me gave me an increasing sense of guilt. And my conscience nearly drove me crazy.

Mary would pour my coffee for me in the morning and kiss me on the ear and whisper, "You look so haggard, Steve. What is it that is worrying you, darling? Tell Mary, and you'll feel better."

But no matter how hard I tried, I couldn't bring myself to the point of revealing to Mary that her husband and the father of her child had been a thief. I lost sleep and weight and Mary must have talked to her pastor, for he began to pay me special attention and we began to take long walks together at night.

This went on for several weeks. Then one evening I said, "Pastor Havenue, I've got something inside that's crushing the life out of me, and I can't get rid of it."

We were passing his church at the time. He took me by the arm and said, "Come with me, my son."

He took me into the still darkness of the church, dimly lit by an altar light before which we knelt. But still the words of confession froze

inside. I stood up and shook my head. "I can't do it. The words won't come," I cried.

The pastor took my arm and led me out the back door of the church into a graveyard, where the tombstones loomed like ghosts in the night. I'm not a superstitious man, but my whole life had become a strain, my nerves were on edge, and my teeth chattered. "Wh-why do we have to come here?" I stammered.

"There is no place like a graveyard to make a man realize the value of life and his duty to God," the pastor said.

We came to an old iron bench under a weeping willow tree. "Sit down, Steve," the pastor said.

I sat down, and a branch of the drooping willow, swaying slightly in the night air, caressed the back of my neck. It gave me the creeps and sent chills up and down my spine. There was no moon, but the stars in the wind swept sky seemed close enough to touch.

The pastor pulled a thick, old style watch out of his vest pocket and held it close to his eyes. "It's about time," he said. And his voice suddenly sounded strange and hollow, like coming from a tomb. I could hear his watch ticking.

And the next moment, not all the tombstones, but here and there right before my eyes the stones turned into ghosts with balls and chains around their ankles. They moved about in a slow, dragging sort of way, with bent backs and big, hollow eyes that stared at the ground.

"What on earth is that procession?" I cried.

"The ghosts of wicked men and women who died without confessing their sins. For them there can never be any rest," the pastor said.

For a while, I sat in a daze. Then suddenly one of the ghosts stopped, and his eyes looked like the black pits of Hades. He pointed a long skeleton finger at me and passed on, clanking his ball and chain.

Well, that did it. The words poured out of my mouth in a flood. And I made a public confession the following Sunday. That night I slept all night for the first time in years.

The police came for me and I went to prison. I served my time and I now walk the street with my wife and son, my head erect, fearing no man.

"With God All Things Are Possible!"

Dear Friend:

Are You Facing Problems of Any Kind?

Are You Worried About Your Health?

Are You Worried About Money Troubles, or Your Job?

Are You Worried About Some One Dear To You?

Are You Worried About Your Children, Your Home Life, Your Marriage?

Do You Ever Get Lonely, Unhappy, or Discouraged?

Would You Like To Have More Happiness, Success, "Good Fortune" in Life?

IF you have any of these **PROBLEMS**, or others like them, dear friend, then here is wonderful news . . . news of a thrilling **NEW WAY of PRAYER** that is helping men and women everywhere to meet the **PROBLEMS** of their lives more happily, triumphantly and successfully than ever before!

And this **NEW WAY of PRAYER** can just as surely bring a whole new world of happiness and joy to **YOU**!

Founded upon a modern psychological interpretation of the Scriptures, this **NEW WAY of PRAYER** is designed to bring the love and power of God into your daily life in a more real and direct way than you have ever known.

To bring you the glorious Wisdom and Beauty of the Bible we all love so well, and to help you apply in a practical way the Teachings of Jesus Christ so that the **ABUNDANT LIFE**—of health, happiness and prosperity which He promised can really be yours!

It doesn't matter what part **PRAYER** has had in your life up until now!

If you are one for whom **PRAYER** has always been a glorious blessing — then this **NEW WAY** will make **PRAYER** even more wonderful and blessed for you!

Or, if you have turned to **PRAYER** only once in a while in the past—if sometimes you have felt you just couldn't make God hear you—then this **NEW WAY** may open a whole new world of **FAITH** and **SPIRITUAL UNDERSTANDING** for you. You will find God's **LOVE** and **POWER** coming right into your daily life in a more real and direct way than ever before!

GOD LOVES YOU!

He wants you to be happy! He wants to help you! So don't wait, dear friend! Don't let another minute go by! If you are troubled, worried or unhappy **IN ANY WAY**—please, please clip the handy coupon now and mail

with 10c stamps or coin so we can send you **FULL INFORMATION** by **AIR MAIL** about this wonderful **NEW WAY of PRAYER** which is helping so many, many others and may just as surely and quickly help **YOU**!

The reason we are so sure we can help you is that, for more than ten years, we have been helping other men and women just like you to live closer to God—to be happier and more successful! We know this because we get wonderful, wonderful letters like these in almost every mail!

"The dark clouds have rolled away and the sun of Christ has come in!"—H.D., Balt., Md.

"I believe you have a heaven sent message for everyone!"—Mrs. D.W., Mo.

"What a comfort, what a blessing, what a help your Prayers are!"—Mr. C.S.M., Ala.

"More prosperity and happiness in our home than the whole twenty years before!"—Myrtle P., Metryville, La.

"You have taught me to pray and it's been the happiest time of my life!"—Viola G., Homer, Ill.

"I feel better than in years and the Doctor said he never saw the like!"—A. B., Augusta, Ga.

"God is daily showering His blessings on me!"—Augusta E., Ill.

"I sincerely believe God directed me to you!"—Mrs. A.S., Wisc.

Receiving wonderful letters like these makes us very happy, and it would make us very happy to help you! But we can't begin until you send us the coupon below.

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Dear Friends,

Please send me your wonderful **NEW Message of PRAYER and FAITH by AIR MAIL**! Enclosed is 10c in stamps or coin. Thank you!

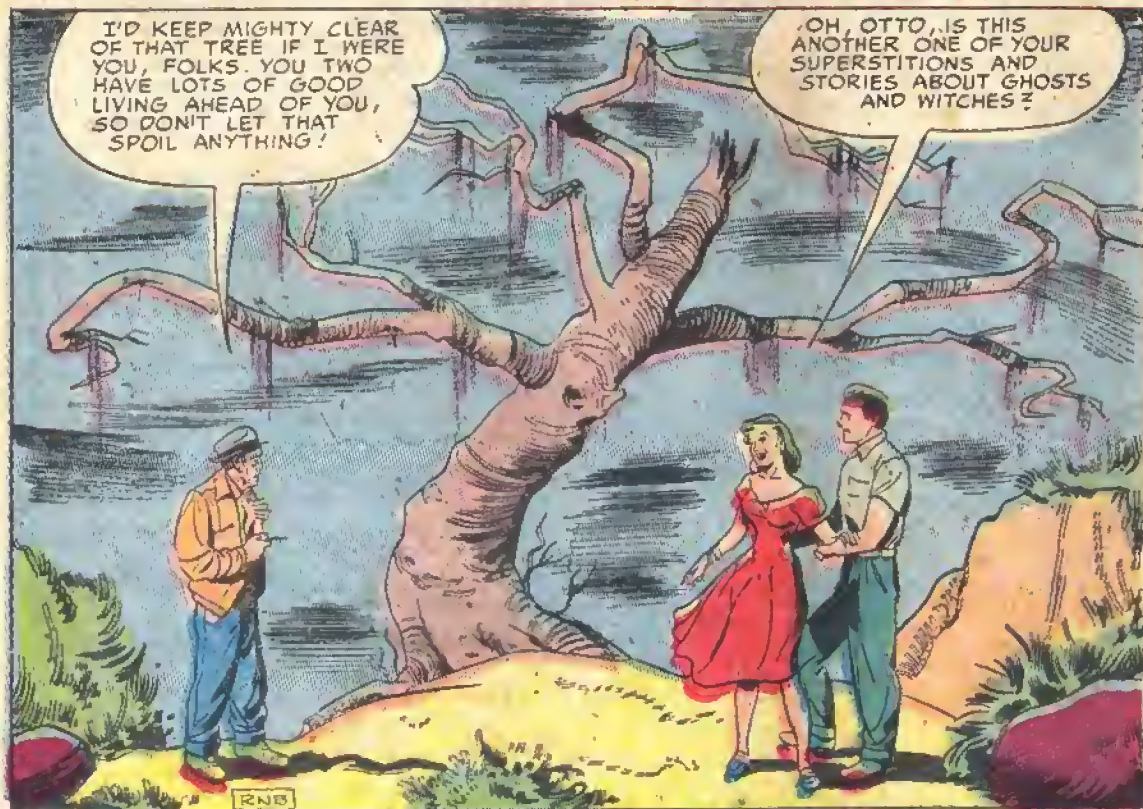
Your Name _____ (Please Print Clearly)

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

SUPERSTITION... COINCIDENCE...
 FATE... WHO CAN TELL WHERE
 THE NATURAL GIVES WAY
 TO THE SUPERNATURAL.
 OLD OTTO THOUGHT IT
 WAS A CURSE... HIS TWO
 YOUNG FRIENDS THOUGHT
 IT WAS COINCIDENCE...
 WELL, JUDGE FOR
 YOURSELF ...

THE CARVED INITIAL



THIS IS THE TRUTH, SO LISTEN! THIS TREE IS EVIL! ANYBODY WHO HAS CARVED HIS INITIALS ON IT HAS MET A TERRIBLE FATE. SEE THAT OLD INITIAL CARVED THERE?

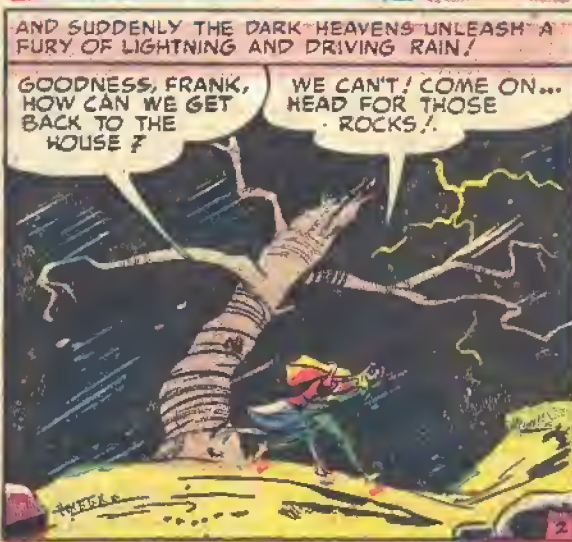
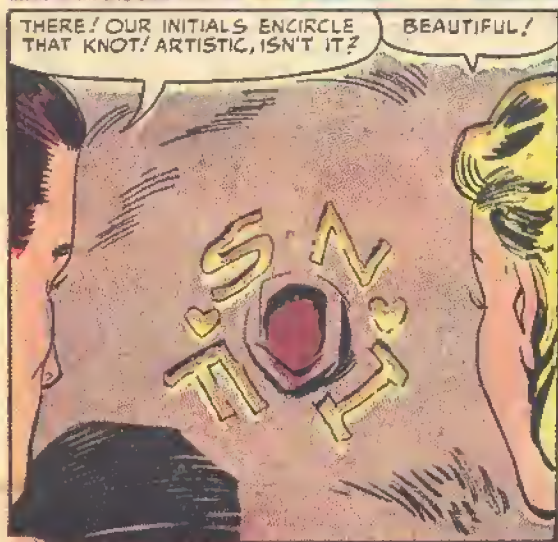
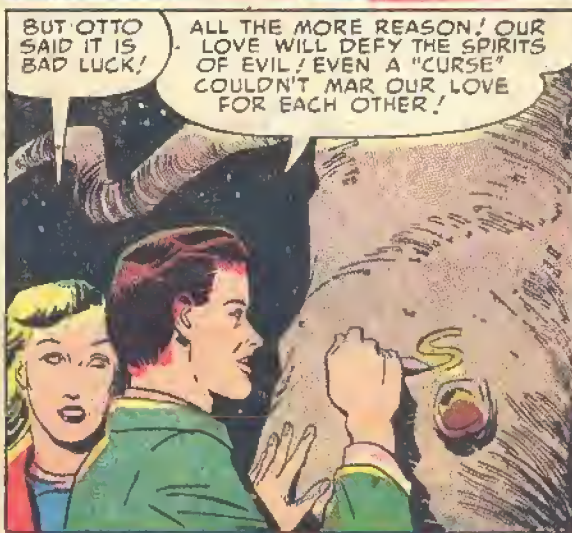
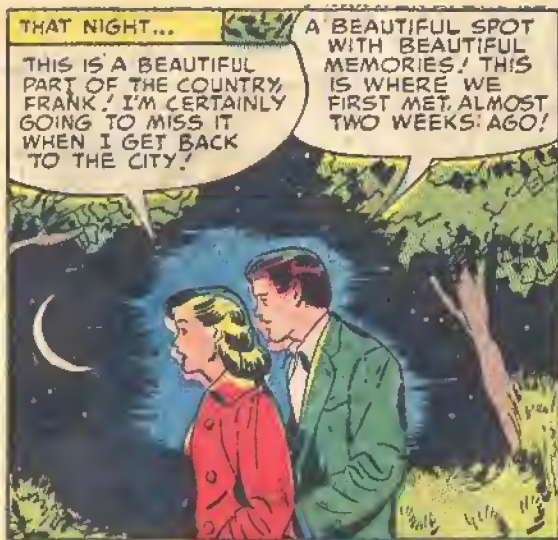
WHAT GRUESOME STORY HAVE YOU TO TELL ABOUT IT?

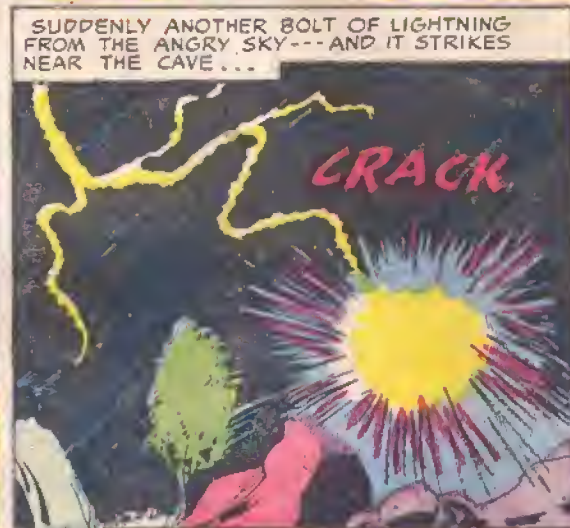


TWO HOURS AFTER KATHIE ADAMS CUT HER INITIALS INTO THIS TREE, SHE DROWNED IN THE LAKE NEAR HERE! I COULD TELL YOU MORE, BUT INSTEAD I'M WARNING YOU TO KEEP AWAY FROM THIS TREE!

THANKS FOR THE ADVICE, OTTO. BUT I THINK YOUR "CURSE" IS JUST PLAIN COINCIDENCE.







NOT VERY FAR AWAY OTTO AWAKENS FROM A SLEEP TROUBLED BY DREAMS AND VISIONS...

SOMETHING --
IS WRONG!

I'VE HAD THIS FEELING BEFORE--- JUST AFTER KATHIE ADAMS DROWNED AFTER SHE CUT HER INITIALS IN THAT TREE... I MUST GET TO THAT TREE NOW...

THERE! NEW INITIALS-- SUE'S--AND FRANK'S! I WARNED THEM-- SOMETHING IS HAPPENING TO THEM RIGHT NOW-- I KNOW IT--

MAYBE-- MAYBE IF I CUT THEIR INITIALS OFF THIS TREE-- THERE MAY BE JUST A CHANCE OF HALTING TRAGEDY...

THERE! CUT CLEAN OFF! THEIR INITIALS ARE GONE....!

AND SIMULTANEOUSLY, A MIRACLE OCCURS...

SUE! LOOK! WE'RE SAVED! THIS FLOOD OF RAIN IS WASHING AWAY THE DIRT AND ROCK THAT HAS HELD US PRISONERS!!



SUE! THE RAIN HAS STOPPED..

...AND THE STARS ARE COMING OUT!



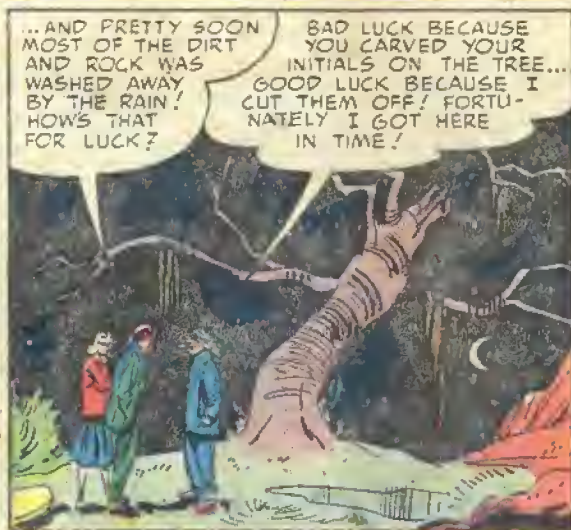
THERE'S OTTO, BY THAT SILLY TREE! WHAT IS HE DOING OUT SO LATE?

MAYBE HE'S JUST UP, VERY EARLY! LET'S TELL HIM WHAT HAPPENED!



...AND THEN THE WHOLE ENTRANCE TO THE CAVE FILLED UP! WE THOUGHT WE WERE GONERS!

YES... YES, GO ON... HOW DID YOU GET OUT?



...AND PRETTY SOON MOST OF THE DIRT AND ROCK WAS WASHED AWAY BY THE RAIN! HOW'S THAT FOR LUCK?

BAD LUCK BECAUSE YOU CARVED YOUR INITIALS ON THE TREE... GOOD LUCK BECAUSE I CUT THEM OFF! FORTUNATELY I GOT HERE IN TIME!



OH, OTTO... COME NOW! THIS IS THE TWENTIETH CENTURY! THINGS DON'T HAPPEN LIKE THAT! JUST BECAUSE YOU CUT OUR INITIALS OFF THE TREE DOESN'T MEAN THAT SAVED US!



NO, FRANK... YOU MUST BELIEVE ME... THIS TREE IS EVIL...

LOOK, OTTO! TOMORROW YOU CAN TELL US ALL ABOUT IT! NOW LETS GO AND GET DRY!



COME ON, OTTO! ARE YOU GOING TO STAND THERE ALL NIGHT?

WAIT! I FEEL...

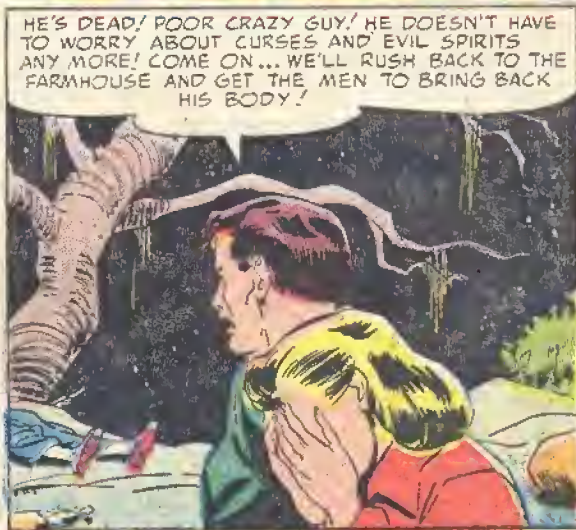


WITHOUT WARNING, A BOLT OF LIGHTNING SHOOTS FROM THE SKY, BLINDING FRANK AND SUE...



...AND THERE ON THE GROUND IS THE SCORCHED BODY OF OTTO...

FRANK! THE LIGHTNING! IT HIT OTTO!

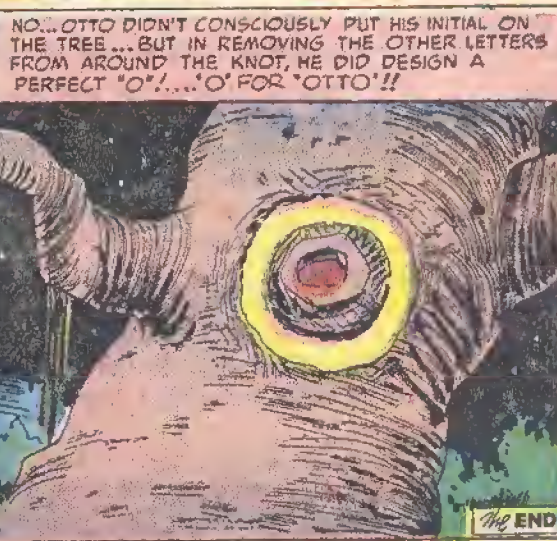


HE'S DEAD! POOR CRAZY GUY! HE DOESN'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT CURSES AND EVIL SPIRITS ANY MORE! COME ON... WE'LL RUSH BACK TO THE FARMHOUSE AND GET THE MEN TO BRING BACK HIS BODY!



FRANK... WE PUT OUR INITIALS ON THE TREE AND WE FACED DEATH! OTTO TOOK OFF OUR INITIALS AND WE WERE SAVED! DO YOU THINK THERE'S ANYTHING IN WHAT HE SAID?

OH, SUE... DON'T BE SILLY! LOOK AT THE TRAGEDY THAT OTTO MET... AND HE DIDN'T PUT HIS INITIAL ON THE TREE!



NO... OTTO DIDN'T CONSCIOUSLY PUT HIS INITIAL ON THE TREE... BUT IN REMOVING THE OTHER LETTERS FROM AROUND THE KNOT, HE DID DESIGN A PERFECT "O"!... "O" FOR "OTTO"!!

The END

Close Call

BIFF Loder was a humble, slow witted window washer, but the fast thinking he had to do late one afternoon as he hung by his safety belt from a window on the 23rd floor of the State Building aged him thirty years.



Biff had been seeing things from the outside-looking-in for a long time. Dentists pulling teeth, blonde secretaries being dictated to, gamblers playing draw poker for high stakes, but it was one thing to have a grandstand seat with an air cushion and another to be on the target end of a gun held by a homicidal maniac.

This was Biff's last window for the day. And he shivered as a wind from the ocean drove a small cloud across the face of the sun. He wished he could be sitting inside with those four well dressed gamblers at a card table, loaded down with chips and piles of the long green; each bill being almost a month's wages for Biff.

It looked like a friendly game. And if the fellow with his back to the window had any nerve at all, he ought to clean up with three aces already in his hand. Biff saw the fellow hold up one finger to indicate how many cards he wanted on the draw. He saw him fill in another ace. Wow! What a hand! Some guys had all the luck and some had to wash windows in freezing weather 23 floors above the hard pavement below.

Well, one more stroke with the rubber wiper and Biff would be through for the day, free to go home to a warm dinner and maybe play a game of canasta with Molly in the kitchen before he tumbled into bed. But Biff never got a chance to finish that window. For the next instant he saw the man whose back was turned and who had held the four aces shake his finger angrily at the man who faced Biff and who had just thrown down his hand without betting.

Biff thought, "How can the man with his back to me blame the guy facing me for not betting against four aces?" And then he thought, "But how did the guy know that the fellow had four

aces? My body must have made a mirror out of the window." Biff didn't have to wait long for what was passing through the mind of the four aces fellow anyhow. For he suddenly turned and shook his fist at Biff, then he drew a small pearl handled gun and shot the man facing Biff through the heart. The other two men sitting in the game disappeared out a door as the fatally wounded man, his mouth still open with fright and surprise fell forward his head on the table.

Well, that was that. But that wasn't all. The killer with gun still in his hand walked over and tried to throw up the window at which Biff had been working. The man had a maniacal glare in his eyes. Biff braced his feet against the window with all his might to keep the fellow from opening it. But when the man took aim through the window Biff threw it up and yelled, "What on earth's the matter with you? Have you gone crazy?"

The gambler shouted, "You were partners with Soper. You signaled him that I held four aces. That's why he threw down his hand, you rat."

"You're as crazy as a loon. I never met this Soper or whatever you call him in my life."

The gambler showed nicotine stained teeth in a snarl of hate. "You know too much anyhow. I am going to kill you." The killer raised his gun again.

Biff kicked it out of his hand. It rattled on the floor. The gambler let out a yell and began to suck his thumb where Biff's heavy boot had hit it. He walked over toward the gun. Biff knew he had no chance in the room. He dropped his rubber wiper down onto the sidewalk, his cap followed, then his coat. Then he loosened one end of his safety belt from the window hook. And there he hung half way between floors, hoping and praying that somebody below would notice his plight. They did and he saw a crowd begin to gather below.

The gambler looked down and saw the crowd and decided not to shoot. The fire department rescued Biff. And the police routed the killer out of the men's room with tear gas. As for Biff, he's got an inside job now. He runs an elevator in the State Building.

EVERY ROMANCE HAS PITFALLS. AVOID DISAPPOINTMENT, HEARTBREAK. SAVE YOURSELF LOTS OF TRAGEDY. DON'T BE A FAUX PAS. FOR winning strategy, read **HOW TO GET ALONG WITH GIRLS** or **HOW TO GET ALONG WITH BOYS**. Put psychology to work- no more clumsy mistakes for you with these amazing handbooks!



IT'S EASY TO WIN SOMEONE When You Know How!

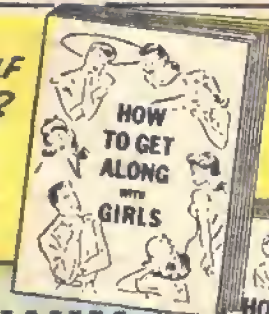
READ FOR YOURSELF

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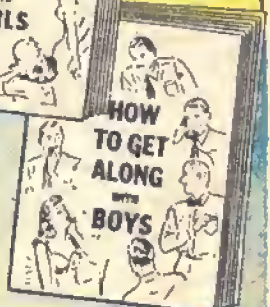
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How to Express Your Love
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SAVE YOUR HAIR

Beware of your itchy scalp, hair loss, dandruff, head scales, unpleasant head odors! Nature may be warning you of approaching baldness. Heed Nature's warning! Treat your scalp to scientifically prepared Ward's Formula.

Millions of trouble-breeding bacteria, living on your sick scalp (see above) are killed on contact. Ward's Formula kills not one, but all four types of these destructive scalp germs now recognized by many medical authorities as a significant cause of baldness. Kill these germs—don't risk letting them kill your hair growth.

ENJOY THESE 5 BENEFITS IMMEDIATELY

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4. Stops annoying scalp itch and burn—instantly
5. Starts wonderful self-massaging action—within 3 seconds

Once you're bald, that's it, friends! There's nothing you can do. Your hair is gone forever. So are your chances of getting it back. But Ward's Formula, used, as directed, keeps your sick scalp free of itchy dandruff, seborrhea, and stops the hair loss they cause. Almost at once your hair looks thicker, more attractive and alive.

We don't ask you to believe us. Thousands of men and women—first skeptical just as you are—have proved what we say. Read their grateful letters. Study the guarantee—it's better than a free trial! Then try Ward's Formula at our risk. Use it for only 10 short days. You must enjoy all the benefits we claim—or we return not only the price you pay—but **DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK**. You be the judge! Ward Laboratories, Inc., 1430 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.

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DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

SCALP ITCH
FALLING
HAIR

DANDRUFF

HEAD
ODORS

Proof!

We get letters like these every day from grateful men and women all over the world.

I must admit I didn't have much faith in it, but I hadn't been using Ward's one week before I could see it was helping me. I could feel my hair getting thicker.

E. K., Cleveland, Ohio.

Out of all the Hair Experts I went to, I've gotten the most help from one bottle of Ward's Formula.

C. La M., Philadelphia, Pa.

After using Ward's for only 12 days, my hair has stopped falling out.

R. W. C., Cicero, Ill.

I am tickled to death with the results. In just two weeks' time—no dandruff! W. T. W., Portola, Cal.

I feel encouraged to say that the infuriating scalp itch which has bothered me for 5 years is now gone.

J. M. K., Columbus, Ohio

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This written guarantee entitles you not only to return of price paid for Ward's Formula, but **Double Your Money Back** unless you actually SEE, FEEL and ENJOY all benefits herein claimed in only ten days. The test is at our risk. All you do is return unused portion or the empty bottle unless completely satisfied.

Ward Laboratories, Inc.

SEAL

Ancient lore reveals that Pygmalion brought the statue of beautiful Galatea to life by the magic of love, but Walter Rosser found out what the fires of hate could do with the

NIGHTMARE STATUE



IN THE PRIVATE OFFICE OF WALTER ROSSER, RICH ART DEALER.

CARLENE, I CANNOT
DICTATE ANY MORE
LETTERS TODAY.
YOUR BEAUTY
DISTRACTS ME
SO.

PLEASE, MR. ROSSER,
I HAVE ASKED YOU
BEFORE NOT TO
TALK TO ME LIKE
THAT. I'M ENGAGED
TO CHAD WARREN!



I KNOW THAT I'M MUCH OLDER
THAN YOU, CARLENE, BUT I'M
RICH AND CAN GIVE YOU ANY-
THING THAT YOUR HEART
DESIRES! WHAT CAN
CHAD WARREN OFFER
YOU THAT I CAN'T
'A HUNDRED TIMES
OVER!

I'M IN LOVE
WITH HIM,
MR. ROSSER,
AND LOVE IS
SOMETHING
YOU CAN'T BUY.
BESIDES CHAD IS A
VERY GOOD
SCULPTOR! SOME
DAY HE'LL SUCCEED
WITH HIS WORK!



YOU'VE BEEN TELLING ME ABOUT YOUR MR. CHAD WARREN AND HOW GOOD A SCULPTOR HE IS FOR A LONG TIME NOW! WELL, WHAT DO YOU SAY TO HAVING DINNER WITH ME TONIGHT, AND THEN WE SHALL VISIT YOUR BELOVED MICHELANGELO!



OH, THAT WILL BE WONDERFUL, MR. ROSSER! I DO SO HOPE THAT YOU WILL LIKE CHAD'S WORK!

LATER, AT THE ANCHOR CAFE IN GREENWICH VILLAGE!

IT WAS A LOVELY DINNER, MR. ROSSER! BUT IT'S GETTING LATE! I PHONED CHAD THAT WE'D BE THERE BY NINE!

THEN WE SHALL DEPART, BUT I MUST WARN YOU, CARLENE, THAT I ALWAYS TELL AN ARTIST EXACTLY WHAT I THINK OF HIS WORK!



CHAD WARREN LIVED ON THE 5TH FLOOR OF A GREENWICH VILLAGE WALKUP!

(WHEW) CARLENE, THIS IS LIKE CLIMBING THE ALPS! I'M SORRY, MR. ROSSER! I SHOULD HAVE REMEMBERED!

JUST ONE MORE FLIGHT FOLKS, AND YOU'RE HERE!



AH, NOW HERE IS SOMETHING VERY BEAUTIFUL! A STATUE OF PYGMALION'S GALATEA, AND IT IS PLAIN THAT YOU, CARLENE, POSED FOR IT!

WHY, ER... I... HOW CAN YOU TELL, MR. ROSSER?



BECAUSE, NO MODEL THAT I KNOW OF HAS AS BEAUTIFUL A BODY AS YOU, CARLENE... HOW MUCH DO YOU WANT FOR YOUR GALATEA, MR. WARREN?

I'M SORRY, MR. ROSSER, BUT THAT GALATEA IS NOT FOR SALE!



YOU MUST THINK I'M A FOOL, CARLENE! DO YOU THINK I'D SELL THAT OLD ROGUE MY GALATEA AFTER WHAT HE SAID ABOUT YOU?

CHAD! MY RELATIONS WITH MR. ROSSER ARE STRICTLY BUSINESS!



THOSE TWO LOVE EACH OTHER VERY DEEPLY! I'LL HAVE TO PLAY MY HAND VERY CAREFULLY!



UNABLE TO BUY GALATEA FROM CHAD,
ROSSER RESORTS TO STRATEGY!

IF YOU TWO LOVEBIRDS CAN STOP BILLING
AND COOING FOR A MINUTE,
GO RIGHT AHEAD,
MR. ROSSER!
DON'T MIND
US!

I'D LIKE TO TALK
BUSINESS!



I UNDERSTAND YOUR RELUCTANCE,
CHAD, TO SELL THIS GALATEA, BUT
HOW ABOUT AN EXHIBITION OF
SOME OF YOUR BEST PIECES
FOR ABOUT A MONTH AT
MY ART SHOP?

OH, MR.
ROSSER,
THAT WOULD
BE A
WONDERFUL
WAY TO
INTRODUCE
CHAD TO
THE PUBLIC!



WELL, CHAD, I'LL SEND MY
DELIVERY TRUCK FOR YOUR
STATUES TOMORROW AND
WE'LL ADVERTISE THE
EXHIBITION IN THE
NEWSPAPERS! MAY
I SEE YOU HOME,
CARLENE?

THANKS FOR
EVERYTHING,
MR. ROSSER,
BUT I'LL TAKE
CARLENE HOME!



THINK OF IT,
CHAD, A PUBLIC
EXHIBITION IN
THE ROSSER
ART GALLERIES!

SOUNDS GREAT, CARLENE,
BUT WHAT WORRIES ME
IS THE WAY HE LOOKS
AT YOU! I DON'T
LIKE HIM!



HA! HA! YOU'VE BEEN
WORKING TOO HARD,
DARLING! BETTER
TAKE ME HOME SO
YOU CAN GET
SOME SLEEP!



GOOD NIGHT, CHAD!
CHEER UP... THIS TIME
NEXT WEEK, YOU'LL
BE FAMOUS!

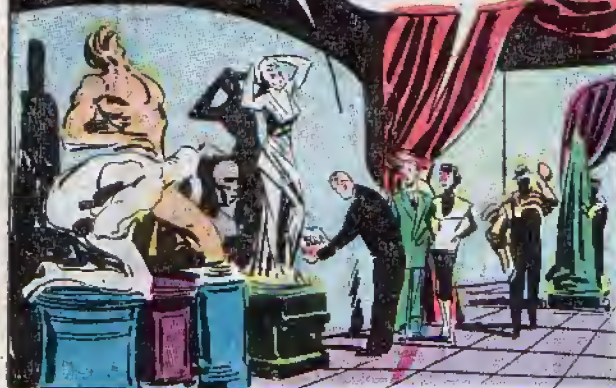
GOOD NIGHT, SWEETHEART!
I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT,
BUT I JUST DON'T TRUST
YOUR MR. WALTER
ROSSER!



NEXT DAY IN THE ROSSER GALLERIES...

I'LL JUST PLACE THIS SOLD SIGN ON THE GALATEA TO KEEP CUSTOMERS FROM BEING DISAPPOINTED.

THAT'S A GOOD IDEA, MR. ROSSER. IT'S NOT FOR SALE AT ANY PRICE.



LATE THAT AFTERNOON...

THIS CHAD WARREN REALLY HAS A GREAT TALENT!

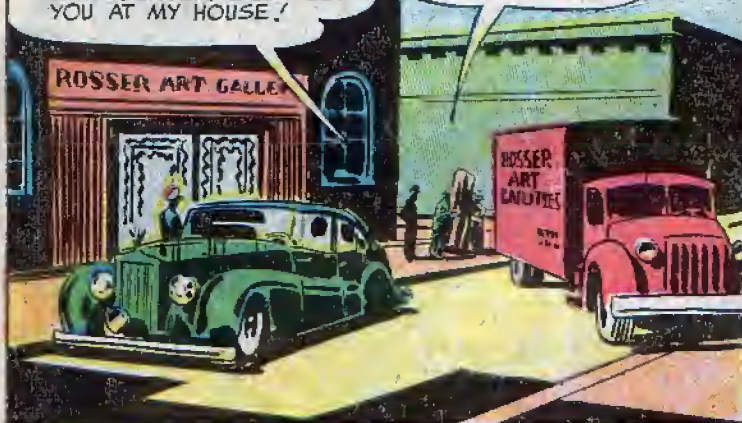
YES! I THINK I WILL BUY THIS PIECE! IT'S BEAUTIFUL! SUCH GRACE!



AFTER BUSINESS HOURS, ROSSER DECIDED TO TAKE THE GALATEA OUT TO HIS SEASIDE HOME FOR THE NIGHT.

CAREFUL MEN! PUT HER DOWN GENTLY! I'LL MEET YOU AT MY HOUSE!

YES, MR. ROSSER!

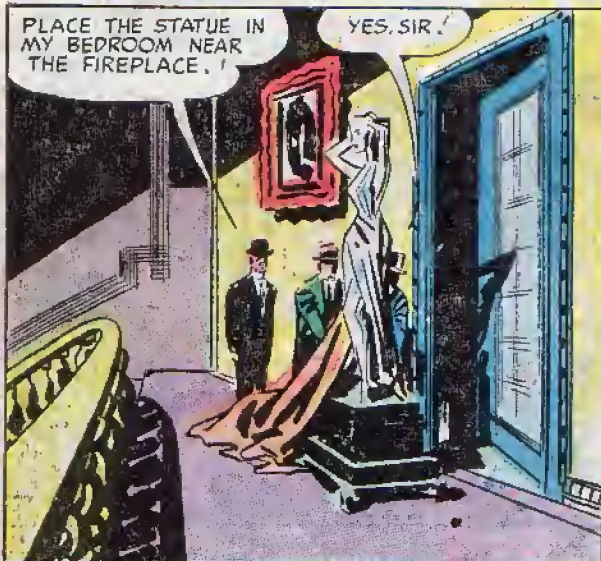


IT'S UNCANNY HOW MUCH THAT GALATEA LOOKS LIKE CARLENE!

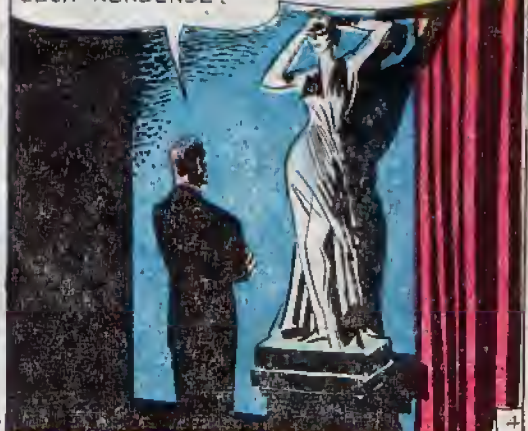


PLACE THE STATUE IN MY BEDROOM NEAR THE FIREPLACE.

YES, SIR!



CHAD WARREN CREATED A MASTERPIECE! PYGMALION'S GALATEA—WHO CAME TO LIFE BECAUSE OF HIS LOVE FOR HER! WOULD SHE NOT COME TO LIFE BECAUSE I ADORE HER AS MUCH? HMPH! SUCH NONSENSE!



TOMORROW I MUST BRING BACK THE STATUE TO THE GALLERY OR ELSE I WILL HAVE TO ANSWER TO CHAD! I MUST HAVE THE GALATEA! BUT CHAD WARREN WON'T SELL IT TO ME! I MUST HAVE CARLENE! BUT SHE'S ENGAGED TO CHAD WARREN! **CHAD WARREN!**



I SHALL KILL CHAD WARREN! I'VE ALWAYS TAKEN WHAT I WANTED OUT OF LIFE ONE WAY OR ANOTHER! I WILL HAVE THE GALATEA WHOM I ADORE! AND I WILL HAVE CARLENE WHOM I LOVE— **OVER WARREN'S DEAD BODY!**



I SHALL CALL CHAD WARREN AND INVITE HIM OUT HERE! ONE PUSH OVER THE CLIFF AND— THE GALATEA AND CARLENE WILL BE MINE!



BUT WALTER ROSSER NEVER MADE THAT CALL, BECAUSE SOMETHING DISTRACTED HIM AS HE WAS ABOUT TO DIAL...



IT WAS THE STATUE! SOMETHING VERY STRANGE HAD HAPPENED TO THE GALATEA!



IT DID MOVE! THE GALATEA WAS A STATUE OF GRACEFUL LINES. NOW IT SEEMED THREATENING!



GALATEA! YOU'VE COME TO LIFE BECAUSE I ADORE YOU SO!



NO, WALTER ROSSER! I'VE COME TO LIFE TO DESTROY YOU! YOU WHO WOULD DESTROY THE LOVE THAT CREATED ME!

GAWK!

MR. ROSSER! MR. ROSSER! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? MR. ROSSER!

WALTER ROSSER'S BUTLER HEARING NO ANSWER, OPENED THE DOOR!

--AND WHEN I HEARD THE SCREAM I RAN UP TO MR. ROSSER'S ROOM--- AND THIS IS WHAT I FOUND! THEN I CALLED YOU!

HE WAS STRANGLED ALL RIGHT! BUT IT'S THE STRANGEST THING I'VE EVER EXPERIENCED, LIEUTENANT!

WHY-- WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

WALTER ROSSER DIED OF STRANGULATION! BUT HE WASN'T STRANGLED BY HUMAN HANDS -- IT SEEMS IMPOSSIBLE -- BUT THE MARKS ON HIS THROAT ARE MADE BY HANDS OF STONE!

The END

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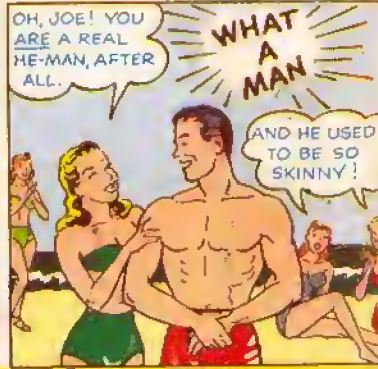
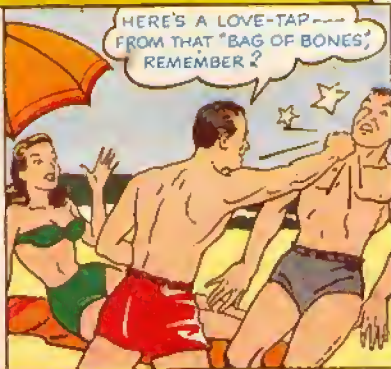
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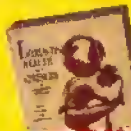
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